



# THE HOME CIRCLE PAGE

EDITED BY LILIAN CRAIGEN ADAMS



## She Bought Him a Pipe

And What He Thought Of It Is Told In This Extremely Veracious Story.

It has long been among the unwritten laws that no woman shall possess neckwear nor cigars for a man. The neckties, according to the best authorities, and she purchases them, will be so gaudy that the recipient will be unable to wear them and retain his reputation for sobriety, while the cigars will be so cheap that only the garbage man will consent to smoke them, and even he will probably not enjoy them.

However, there is a courageous wife who last Christmas decided that while she would not dare choose cigars for her husband there was no reason why she should not purchase for him the pipe which is eternally wistful and owned. So she went to the best pipe shop in the place and asked to see briar pipes. From the dozen or more placed before her then, she selected one with great care. She avoided the gaudy ones which appealed to her; she averted her eyes from meerschaum pipes, and Dutch pipes with one curving stem, and from pipes elaborately trimmed. For once she was a conservative and she bought a conservative pipe, a snappy looking pipe recommended by the clerk.

On Christmas morning her husband surveyed that pipe with apparent pleasure. "So good of you, Elsie, to think of it," said he and filled it and commenced to smoke it.

"Is it really all right?" inquired his better-half, anxiously. "Is it what you would have bought if you had chosen for yourself?"

"It is perfect," answered her husband, heartily. "Only—the next time you buy me a pipe get one with a larger bowl, will you. And do not buy

one with a curved stem, the straight stems are easier to clean. And see the silver band about this one? Well it gets hot and burns my fingers. Never



"Is it really all right?" inquired his better-half, anxiously.

buy a pipe with any metal on it, and—why what in thunder is the matter now?"

For his wife was in peals of laughter, and now at the head of her list of articles it is forbidden women to buy for men stands prominently the word PIPES.

## "WHAT SHALL I GIVE?" Suggestions Which May Help the Woman With Nothing a Year

WHAT shall I give?" is the question of the hour, and yet there should be no perplexity with the shops so full of pretty things and with numerous articles which can be fashioned by skillful fingers almost in the twinkling of an eye.

A clever woman who is not very rich in this world's goods is sending to her wealthy friend this year a hat box de luxe. She has taken an old round pasteboard hat box of her own and covered it with cretonne which is gay with a pattern of red roses. Broad bands of scarlet ribbon cross the top and form a great charming bow. Within this charming and decorative box, swathed in tissue paper, its recipient will find on Christmas morning a boudoir cap of Dutch shape, made of filmy lace and finished off with tiny rosebuds.

Another girl who uses her fingers because her pocket-book is limited as to contents is making a housekeeping friend a chafing-dish apron. It is made of white linen and is of the enveloping but becoming sort. It is low at the neck, has no sleeves at all and is drawn around the figure by a belt. Habits and lobsters, indicative of the Welsh sorts and the Newbergs to be made with the assistance of this garment, are embroidered around the neck and on the belt.

A sewing basket is an acceptable gift to the college girl, no matter how askance she may look at it when she finds it among her gifts where she had hoped to discover nothing less elegant than jewels. To be of use this humble present must be complete. The basket must contain sewing silk, cotton and thread; darning silk in many shades, a darning, a pair of sharp scissors, a needle book filled with needles of assorted sizes and for various purposes, a thimble, a glove-darner. And there should be pockets on the sides of the basket in order that these articles may be kept apart.

For the gardening woman a basket may be made at home for a much smaller sum than the extravagant price asked in the shops. The basket itself should be at least fifteen inches long and a little less wide. It should be lined either with rubber or with some good water-proof cloth. Pockets of this material should afford a place for the trowel, shears, and weeding fork, all of good steel, with which it should be furnished.

The average housewife appreciates gifts of linen of all sorts. Just now covers for card tables are in demand and these may be bought in the shops or made at home at no great cost. Tan colored linen is the material most esteemed for them, and the decorations may be elaborate or simple as the giver has time and inclination. The three initials of the recipient-to-be are usually worked in one corner. Every woman likes to receive jewelry as a present and luckily enough the new jewelry is both lovely and inexpensive. For instance a gold chain with a wedgewood cameo pendant may be had for \$5, while the much sought after Friendship bracelet may be bought for as small a sum as \$1.75. A circle brooch of 10-karat gold may be bought for \$1.40, and there are any

number of pieces at these reasonable prices. A tour through the aisles of a china shop will show the woman with a seeing eye, a dozen or more charming but inexpensive pieces—cream jugs, mustard jars, plates—any of which a housekeeping person would "adore" to have.



Rabbits and lobsters are embroidered around the neck and on the belt.

## Delicious Small Cakes for Christmas

INCLUDING the fruit cake and the mince pie, perhaps the most important things to have in the pantry during the holiday season are numbers of delicious small cakes. For after all hospitality is not quite dead and the southern custom of offering refreshments to visitors in the week between Christmas and New Year's Day obtains in many places. As an accompaniment to the glass of

egg-nog or wine, or the cup of tea nothing is nicer than one of the several sorts of cookies.

Perhaps the two small cakes which stand out as most delicious to the majority of epicures is the German Lebkuchen and the American sand tart. Both are easily made and the recipes given herewith for them can be heartily recommended: Lebkuchen—1 lb. of pulverized

## Grown Ups Held the Fort

Being An Explanation Of Why Children Are Kept From The Toy Shop Windows Now.

A CROWD of persons surrounded the window of the toy shop. The noses flattened against its pane were of many shapes and sizes. There were Roman noses and Grecian noses and noses with bumps and noses with humps, but they were all the noses of adults. They belonged, if you will believe it, to grown men who were peeping over each other's shoulders and laughing fit to kill themselves.

The noses of childhood were conspicuous only by their absence.

On the outskirts of the crowd there were to be sure a number of discouraged children who tried dreadfully hard to see what was going on, but every time that one would with great care and unbelievable skill wriggle his way into the crowd and almost within seeing distance, some grown-up would rudely thrust him back in order to get a better view himself.

Therefore the small boys waited disconsolately for the crowd to loosen so that they might see, surveying those broad-shouldered backs malevolently the while, but it never did lessen for as soon as one man left another hurrying and important individual with a lawyer's brief case in his hand, or with a step-ladder over his shoulder would rush in and take his place. There was not a gap left big enough to accommodate the eye of even a five-year-old.

But would you like to know what it was, reader, that kept crowds of grown men interested all of the long day? Why it was a toy railroad, with stations and telegraph lines, and semaphores, and red and green signals all complete. And whenever a semaphore raised, or a light burned red, that crowd of should-have-been-busy men roared as if it were the best joke in the world.

A Peter Pan, that is what every man is until he dies of old age, and isn't he lucky to be one? sugar, one-fourth pound of almonds, blanched and chopped, one-fourth lb. of citron cut into shreds, 2 ounces of cinnamon, 2 ounces of cloves, 4 eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, six the sugar and the yolks of eggs and add the spices, nuts and citron, then the whites of the eggs beaten stiff, then enough flour to make a stiff dough. Roll one-fourth inch thick and cut out and bake.

Sand tarts—1 cup butter, 2 cups granulated sugar, 2 eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, one-half teaspoonful of nutmeg, 2 cups flour sifted twice with 1 teaspoonful baking powder. Cream the butter and sugar, add the egg beaten light, then the spice. Now add the flour and work it with the mixture until you can roll out the dough. Cut round with a tin cutter, wash the tops lightly with white of egg, press half of split blanched almond into the center of each and sprinkle well with granulated sugar and cinnamon mixed. This is the sand. Bake quickly.

For Hermits, cream together a cupful of butter and two of sugar. Beat in the whipped yolks of three eggs, add a half cupful of milk and then the beaten whites. Work in two cupfuls of flour, sifted twice with a teaspoonful of baking powder, and if this does not make a dough that could be rolled out, add more flour cautiously, not to have the cakes too stiff. Roll into a very thin sheet, straw thick with the kernels of hickory-nuts, pecans or English walnuts, chopped fine and sprinkled with sugar. Fold the dough once over the nuts, passing the rolling pin lightly over the upper sheet, and cut into rounds with a cake cutter. Bake in a quick oven covered for fifteen minutes, uncover and brown.

For coconut cream cookies, beat two eggs until light, add gradually one cup sugar, one-half cup grated or shredded coconut, one cup thick cream, and three cups of flour mixed and sifted with three teaspoons of baking powder and one teaspoon of salt. Chill thoroughly, and roll one-half inch thick. Sprinkle with coconut and cut out. Bake in a moderate oven.



There was not a gap left big enough to accommodate even the eye of a five-year-old.

## SEASONABLE JOTTINGS

HOW like a country fair the streets look.

Have you seen the toy lamp posts intended to light the streets in doll land and against which inebriated dollies lean on their way home at night.

Or the dancing bear for a quarter-of-a-dollar—twenty-five cents. Pearl berried mistletoe and scarlet berries holly are luckily within the reach of all this Christmas. These are two things the prices of which were not affected by the war in Europe.

But oh, its awful effects on turkey. Observe the men who peer into shop windows but are afraid to go inside. They are the very same who wish that this country would be invaded in order that they may show how brave they are. Buy "him" a clock for his automobile.

Write your Christmas letter early while there is yet time, remember that a letter in the desk is worth two in the mind on Christmas Eve.

Night caps exactly like those old Scrooge wore may be had for fifty cents in the shops and would be appreciated—though he would never, never admit it—by the bald-headed man.

And such are the eccentricities of the members of the sterner sex that they had rather have a glass bottle of ink and a penny pen as a desk equipment than the most elaborate brass or bronze set that can be devised, with a little "pan" for each separate thing.

Step lively please for "it" is less than ten days away.

## THE TOWNBREDS and THEIR COUNTRY PLACE

By Edward Riddle Padgett.

"It's a Long Way—"

ONLY that afternoon Mr. Townbred had been stoutly defending country life—even in winter. He had been talking to Jones, who never overlooked an opportunity to set the entire office by the ears. Mr. Townbred had spoken of the snug evenings by the fire, under the lamp-light, with the snow outside and the round moon sailing high in the heavens. And Jones had held that that was precisely the trouble with the country in winter—too much of this around-the-fire business, with nothing else to do. Whereupon Mr. Townbred had waxed eloquent upon the effete urban view which considers an hour's trolley ride to a place of amusement, or an evening's diversion, a thing of horror.

"Why, Jones," he had said, "I can ride in from Five Oaks any night in exactly one hour—having a seat, too, whereas you hang on to a strap and stand on your car for at least thirty minutes when you come down-town from your house. Isn't that so?" And so it had continued.

Hence, when Mr. Townbred returned to Five Oaks that afternoon, he still had it on his mind. Usually he went for a ride on Lady Frit, or a walk and an inspection of the live stock; then dinner and then a long, comfortable evening before the fire with his paper and a magazine—unless some neighbors came in for music or cards.

But on this particular afternoon he electrified Mrs. Townbred by stating that he had tickets for a corking good musical comedy in town that evening. "It is such a long ride, Ruthvin," she said, though she was really eager to go, "and we'll be so late in getting home. And you are up so early in the morning, you know."

"Nonsense!" Mr. Townbred hastened to object. "To hear you talk, Frieda, one would think we were contemplating a trip to Mars. And I can't see why, because we live in the country, we should act as though we'd been snowed-in and snow-bound for the winter. Other people around here don't think a thing of spending an evening in the city and—"

home. I'm delighted to go. I'll tell

Virginia to have dinner at eight o'clock. Fine! I've been just crazy to see that show—everybody's talking about it!"

Though, in the dressing, Mr. Townbred did not pursue an elusive collar-button, he might just as well have done so, judging from the temperature of his disposition as they left the house for the station. In heaven, for the time was short, and when evening clothes and accessories that have not been worn for quite a while have to be hurriedly assembled, more man is very apt to say things under his breath. And the very fact that Mrs. Townbred was able to dress so serenely and promptly somehow added fuel to the flame.

Truth to tell, Mr. Townbred was in a lovely humor when they left the house, enhanced by the fact that the road to the station was muddy, the night dark and cold and the minutes few indeed before the scheduled arrival of the car. Fortunately, it was on time.

The ride in was not unpleasant, though Mr. Townbred bemoaned the fact that he had not had time to read his evening paper.

And when the city was reached and they were walking the streetward along paved and lighted streets it seemed—well—it seemed like old times. But with the rise of the curtain, muddy roads, suburban trolleys and Five Oaks were forgotten. Here and there, around them, people seemed to be but mildly interested, or even indifferent; but to the Townbreds—who hadn't been to the theatre for ages—the show was enthralling. Which, no doubt, is another point scored in favor of a residence in the country in winter.

At a little before a quarter to eleven the curtain fell for the last time and Mr. Townbred consulted his watch. "Why, we'll have plenty of time for a bite to eat, Frieda," said he in a pleasantly surprised tone. "We can make the eleven-thirty without hurrying much. This isn't so bad, after all, is it?" And he smiled at his wife.

But, alas, when half-past eleven came the Townbreds were right in the midst of their salad. Moreover, the music was good and the warmth and lights of the cafe invited lingering. "Let's wait for the twelve o'clock,"

he suggested. "I'll put us home at one—which isn't so bad."

So, staying to the last minute, they rushed to the station with but a minute and a half to spare. To their amazement, there was no car. Could it be that Mr. Townbred's watch was slow and they had missed it?

He rushed in to the ticket agent. No, he hadn't missed the twelve o'clock, for the simple reason that there wasn't any. Yes, the agent was perfectly aware that the cars for Five Oaks left on the hour and the half hour. But, it seemed, the railroad had

it became colder. Something was evidently the matter with the electric heating apparatus. The few passengers still left were draped over their seats in all sorts of postures, vainly seeking comforting sleep despite the sea-sick swaying of the car.

Mrs. Townbred sleepily asked her husband something, and he merely granted in reply.

Would they ever reach Five Oaks? Once Mr. Townbred started up from a fitful snooze—by this time he was making no effort to conceal his desire for rest—and wildly jabbed at the bell under the impression that

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## LITTLE FABLES OF THE BUSINESS WORLD

Picking a Winner

THERE was once a certain Young Man who was looking for this Christmas Spirit until he attempted to Pick a Winner and, instead, Picked a Flivver. To begin with, his Case was a Sad One; but truly, before he was Through, his Last State was worse than his First. And, as might be Expected, it was all because of a Damself.

You see, it Came About in this fashion. He had Met and Been Wooed and Won by a Sweet Young Thing, and he was Tied Up for Keeps, with Wedding Bells booked to Peal Out not so very far in the Future. Everything was going as Nice and Happy as you please, with all the Other Fellows minding his No Trespass sign and even Pa and Ma not really Butting In anything to speak of.

Then, along came this Christmas business. It was Up to him to Come Across with a nifty Present. And that was where his Troubles began.

Not that he was Shy on Coin, for he wasn't. He had a good Job—one that paid him a Salary, not Wages. And he had always been rather a Frugal Hombre; so his Bank Account was Buiging and he wasn't travelling Under Wraps.

But he wanted to do it Right; when it came to the Picking he wanted to be neither in the Pick Class nor in the Flash. And right there was the Rub.

What should he send? Being an eminently Proper young fellow, the only Christmas presents he had ever before sent to Maidens Fair were either Candy or Flowers—since he hadn't been Engaged to them. But now—since this Damself had something of his on her Finger—it made a Difference.

You see, but not so-so; which is nothing more than the old difference between Tweedledee and Tweedledum. But a Difference!

Straightway Our Hero consulted the Christmas Dope as set forth in the Women's Publications. For days he read columns headed: "What to Give to a Maiden Aunt;" "Xmas Gifts for the Baby;" "Christmas Suggestions for a Bachelor Maid;" "Futuristic Hints for the Married Woman;" "Seasonable Gifts for the Wholesome Family;" and even "Recherche Remembrances for the Engaged Girl!" but none of them seemed to Stack Up Right.

Then he began asking Friends. Some of them thought he was Kidding, and others Grinned at him sort of Cheerful-Like. A few even Poked him in the Ribs and Chuckled. But, one and all, they said, "A silver-back Comb and Brush and Mirror!" The

Problem seemed to be Settled.

But, somehow, the Poor Boob wasn't quite Satisfied. He began Poking Around, just to see if he couldn't Pick out a Better Goer.

He took to Looking in Windows and Wandering through the Stores. He saw Lots that he Liked and then Straightway got Cold Feet. Somehow, that Brush-Comb-Mirror stuff seemed to be Pulling him On; but he Fought Against it manfully. He wouldn't even give them the Once Over for fear he'd Buy.

He had a Vague Notion of consulting Her Herself. But that, he argued, would Kill the Surprise Stuff. And, somehow, she didn't drop any Hints. Time did its usual Fugit Stunt and the newspapers kept on announcing that there were only so many Shopping Days left until Christmas, one less each day—which seemed to him to be Rubbing it in.

Finally came the Eleventh Hour. Our Hero was Desperate. He Flipped a Coin, counted out Eeny-meeny-minee-moo and My-mother-told-me-to-choose-this-one—but they all "came out" as he Feared. Buy the Brush-Comb-Mirror outfit was the Verdict!

So he did. She was delighted—for she Said So. But, in her own Boudoir, she Gazed Sadly at the three other Silver-Back-Sets other Chaps had wished on her on other Christmases, and She Sighed Deeply.

Moral: Either break into the house when the Family is at church, and Get a Peek at the Boudoir, or take Ma into your Confidence.



He Took To Looking In Windows.